

ciple, but very new in one particular." She opened the oven door and, stooping, began to baste the chickens.

"Please, auntie, hurry," cried Louise, fanning herself.

Aunt Margaret closed the oven door. "It was this: I have discovered a most lamentable case of slavery here in town." The eyes of her listeners opened wide. "Yes, right under the shadow of the stars and stripes. It is a woman I knew when I was a very young girl. She was bright and beautiful when I knew her. She sang and played well and read good books. She always had a garden of roses, every one of which she would carry to the sick or lonely. She had many friends and went among them singing and carrying her flowers, and making every place she went a little brighter for her presence. But a dreadful change has taken place in her. I scarcely knew her when I saw her this time. She arises early and toils late without a moment of leisure. The people she works for are very particular and must have all the work well done and excellent meals prepared. This poor woman does it all. She even does the sewing and laundry work, yet never has received one cent of pay—not even a word of gratitude.

"My heart was heavy when I saw her, she seemed so worn out and tired. She told me that she had not read a book for several years, or taken a drive or a pleasant walk. I cannot see that life holds much enjoyment for her."

"Who makes her work without pay? I'd kick them all over town if I were her," cried Tom.

"How dreadful!" said Louise. "Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," answered Aunt Margaret; "I made up my mind that something must be done. The Fourth of July is an appropriate day for my plan. I cannot carry it out myself. I will need your help. We shall declare her free and independent, and we will see that the declaration is observed."

"I'll help," shouted Tom, all afire with enthusiasm."

"We'll do all we can," said Louise. "But who is the woman, auntie?"

Aunt Margaret began to baste the chickens again. "You know her," she said; none know her better. Think, my dearies, if you do not know a lovely, cultured woman who works from early morning until late night without a moment's rest, who is nurse, seamstress, cook, maid to two people who never repay her in any way. And so much of all the work comes because these people must dress in the daintiest clothes, white dresses white shirts, duck trousers, fancy petticoats."

There was a long, long silence. At length Aunt Margaret spoke: "Louise, the irons are hot; you may iron your own dress. Tom, sit in the cool and beat these eggs for icing, and when they are stiff enough you may wash up the linoleum. That will make the kitchen cool. Your mother is not coming back into this kitchen today."

The next morning, when the mother came down stairs, she found Louise preparing the table for breakfast, Tom making ready the vegetables for the day's cooking, and Aunt Margaret superintending it all.

Tacked on the kitchen wall was a great sheet of paper, covered with Tom's bold flourishes:

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE— JULY 4, 1900.

We, in the name of good people of this household, publish and declare that the mother of this house is, and of right should be, free and independent. That we hereby absolve her from all duties we can take upon ourselves, that she may have leisure to read, to rest, to visit her friends, and do all other acts and things that a woman wishes to do. And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge our time, our best efforts, and our sacred honor.

(Signed,) THOMAS HUGHES HENDERSON,
LAURA LOUISE HENDERSON.

A Hungry Heart

Selected.

We hear much these days about nervous prostration, and they tell us that it is because the nerves are starved. It is well that there is a spiritual cure for much of this prostration, for there are not only starved nerves but starved hearts, and there is a need for a deeper rest than any so-called "rest cure" can give. And it may be that, in some cases at least, back of the starved nerves are these starved hearts. The heart wants food.

Some time ago a husband going home from business, and, finding his wife not as cheerful as usual, said, "What's the matter, my dear? Can I do anything for you?" She replied, "Yes, I wish you would write me a letter as you used to write before we were married." Many husbands would have laughed and called her foolish, but he was a wise man. He went up immediately into his library, locked himself in, and wrote a real love letter, just as he had written in the long ago—called her his sweetheart as of old, and gave her the letter; her heart was hungry.

Sisters' S. C. E.

Treasurer's Report of the S. S. C. E., for the Month of March

THEOLOGICAL FUND

Reported,	\$20 70
Dayton Mission Ohio, S. S. C. E.,	75
Listie, Pa.,	1 00
La Paz, Ind.,	55
Miss Naomi Wilson on pledge,	1 00
A. W. Lichty	1 00
	\$25 00

HOME MISSIONS

Reported,	\$125 35
Louisville, Ohio, S. S. C. E., Chicago,	5 00
Listie, Pa.,	1 00
La Paz, Ind.,	55
Lathrop, Calif.,	1 30
	\$133 20
To Treasurer of N. M. B.,	10 00
Balance,	\$123 20

FOREIGN MISSION

Reported,	\$46 93
Astoria, Ill., S. S. C. E.,	90

Balance,	\$47 83
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SUPERANNUATED MINISTERS' FUND

Reported,	\$113 03
Dayton Mission, Ohio, S. S. C. E.,	75
East Elkport, Iowa,	1 00
Mrs. John H. Knepper, offering,	25 00
Mrs. Ephraim Hoover,	1 00
H. W., and D. E. Lydick, on pledge,	1 00
Mrs. Lydia Lesh,	1 00
Mrs. W. H. Miller,	1 00
Cora Snyder	1 00
S. B. Bickley,	1 00
Mrs. Grant Miller,	1 00
Mrs. J. W. Lichty,	1 00
Mrs. S. J. Lichty,	1 00
Mrs. E. G. Bickley,	1 00
Enon, Iowa, S. S. C. E.,	1 00
Garwin church, Iowa, per Mrs. J. Lichty,	2 20
Edgewood church, Iowa,	1 00

\$155 98

Withdrawn for Holsinger fund,	\$9 50
" Nicholson "	2 80

Balance,	\$143 68
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HOLSINGER FUND

From S. M. F.,	\$9 50
Miss Naomi Wilson, on pledge,	50
To Brother Holsinger,	\$10 00

NICHOLSON FUND

Reported,	\$1 70
Miss Naomi Wilson, on pledge,	50
From S. M. F.,	2 80
To Brother Nicholson,	\$5 00

ALICE E. AUGUSTINE.

R. R. 3., South Bend, Ind.

Our Young People

A Song of Trust

I cannot always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget he leads me on
With hand of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit I shall know
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course
My ship must take;
But, looking backward, I behold afar
Its shining wake
Illumined with God's light of love, and so
I onward go,
In perfect trust that he who holds the helm
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life,
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget he knows
And overrules,
And that in all details, with his good plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks he gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning with his help to solve
Them, one by one,
And when I can not understand to say,
"Thy will be done!"

—Gertrude Benedict Curtis.